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BOLIVIA: PRAYERS BEFORE A COUP

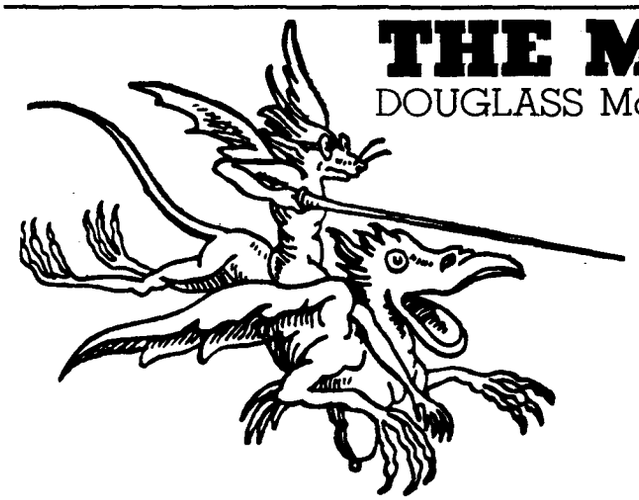
FRANCISCO JEREZ

CAMDEN: UNCLE SAM IS ANGRY

PHIL TRACY

ANN ARBOR: REASON FOR CONCERN

ROBERT S. LECKY



THE MAGIC REVIVAL

DOUGLASS McFERRAN

REVIEWS: JOSEPH GRANGE **A SEPARATE REALITY**
BARRY WALLENSTEIN **CROW** JACK RIEMER **PSALMS**

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NEWS & VIEWS

The Catholic Left

Don't look for the militant Catholic Left—so very much in the news again after the August "actions" in Camden and Buffalo—to fade quietly into retirement, if and when hostilities in Vietnam end.

The movement has already begun to shift its ground to bring formally within its purview other grievances for which it holds the establishment responsible.

These grievances include "repression" at home and "global oppression" through the exercise of military and corporate power.

The grievances have always been present; they provided the rationale, for instance, for "actions" going back to 1969 against corporate giants like Dow Chemical and General Electric. But only now do the grievances hold a place in the lexicon about equal to that of Vietnam. Check back to the statement of the Buffalo 5 to see what I mean.

The point is that with concerns as broad as "repression" and "global oppression," the areas of confrontation are potentially endless.

Already there are those in the movement who are looking beyond Vietnam to the next phase of the struggle. As one movement personality expressed it, "It's no longer a case of rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's,' but of giving Caesar what he deserves."

Nor are these people daunted by the growing success of the F.B.I. in countering the movement and nailing activists (33 were arrested as a result of the Camden and Buffalo foilings). They know the ranks will be resupplied. And they're correct; they will be. One reason is that each new group arrested spawns its defense committee, and these committees possess a strong radicalizing quality.

For many besides John Grady, alleged "ringleader and mastermind" of the Camden raiders, it has been only a half-step from committee work to direct resistance. (Grady entered the movement as co-chairman of the Catonsville 9 Defense Committee.)

In any case, look for pressures from the Catholic Left to continue, and look for new leaders to emerge as they feel their oats just a little more.

A recent visitor to Father Philip Berrigan provided perspective on the new situation, by reportedly remarking: "Well, Phil, how does it feel not to be needed anymore?"

Where Else But Britain?

Proclaiming their responsibility as "educated people . . . to raise the alarm" when a tradition of value is threatened, a committtee of "educated" Britons and near-Britons—not all of them Catholic—has dispatched an appeal to the Vatican to preserve the Latin Mass.

"If some senseless decree were to order the total or partial destruction of basilicas or cathedrals, then obviously it would be the educated—whatever their personal beliefs—who would rise up in horror to oppose such a possibility," the group declared with unapologetic immodesty.

"Now the fact is that basilicas and cathedrals were built so as to celebrate a rite which, until a few months ago, constituted a living tradition. We are referring to the Roman Catholic Mass. Yet according to the latest information available in Rome, there is a plan to obliterate that Mass by the end of the current year."

The group's primary concern with respect to the Latin Mass is cultural. "The rite in question, in its magnificent Latin text, has inspired a host of pricelesss achievements in the arts—not only mystical works but works by poets, philosophers, musicians, architects, painters and sculptors. Thus it belongs in the universal culture as well as to churchmen and formal Christians."

Becoming even more specific, the group worries for "the word" (small 'w'). "It seems particularly inhumane to deprive man of word-forms in one of their most grandiose manifestations," they comment.

The word-lovers include Agatha Christie, Kenneth Clark, Cyril Connolly, Magdalen Goffin, Robert Graves, Graham Greene, F. R. Leavis, Cecil Day Lewis, Compton Mackenzie, Yehudi Menuhin, Nancy Mitford, Malcolm Muggeridge, Sean O'Faolain, Joan Sutherland, Philip Toynbee and E. I. Watkin.

The group has no objections *per se* to the vernacular Mass of the new liturgy; many of them probably haven't the slightest idea what the new Mass is, and couldn't care less. They're concerned strictly for the survival of the Latin Mass of history, "even though this survival took place side by side with other liturgical forms." Which is fair enough.

Celebrating Cemeteries

Even with everything else under the sun exploited, you still wouldn't expect graveyards to be promoted as tourist attractions.

But, then, you're not giving American ingenuity its full due, and you're underestimating the American Battle Monuments Commission.

The commission is circulating a travel brochure as handsome as anything BOAC or Pan American ever got out celebrating its five memorials and 23 U.S. military cemeteries in foreign places.

The brochure is complete with travel maps and helpful hints for tourists; e.g., "Brookwood Cemetery [Surrey, England] is about 300 yards from the Brookwood railroad station. There are hotels and restaurants at Woking, Guildford, Aldershot, and other nearby towns."

The commission estimates that over 2 million people visit U.S. foreign cemeteries each year. Only 10 percent or so are Americans.

Odds and Ends

—Dan A. Mitrione, the U.S. police-adviser whose kidnap and murder a year ago in Montevideo focused international attention on possible U.S. involvement in police-torture techniques in Uruguay, is memoralized in a new issue of Uruguayan postage stamps. A Uruguayan resolution authorizing the stamps praised Mitrione as one who had "fallen tragically in the service of freedom and democracy." Mitrione was a counter-insurgency expert attached to the Agency for International Development. A recent Uruguayan Senate investigation found police torture in that country "habitual, frequent, and practically the normal thing."

—In a number of dioceses laity have petitioned for a voice in the selection of new bishops. At Sacred Heart Church in Gloucester, Mass., laity have reduced the issue another denominator: they demand a voice in the naming of their pastor. A petition endorsed unanimously by the nine-member parish council asks Boston's Archbishop Medeiros to rescind a recent appointment and start over. The ideal, said the council, would be a system under which prospective pastors and assistants could be interviewed and approved by the people they propose to serve.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Missing the Point

Brighton, Mass.

To the Editors: Dr. Trude Weiss-Rosmarin's article "Is God 'She'? and So What?" [July 23] unfortunately misses the point. She spends several hundred words refuting a position which, to my knowledge, no woman theologian concerned with women's liberation vis-à-vis religion actually holds. That fictional position she summarizes as follows: "hoping that 'feminizing' God will do away with the repression of women in the church and in Western society." Now who, except Dr. Weiss-Rosmarin, suggests such a thing?

I have indeed suggested something quite different ("After the Death of God the Father?" *Commonweal,* March 12, 1971): that it is primarily change *in the fabric of society,* that is, in the social infrastructure, that will bring about the death of patriarchal religious symbols and a transvaluation of values. The women's movement has, I think, the potential to bring about such social change. It is unlikely that the myths and symbols that have functioned to legitimate patriarchy will be plausible in a society in which sex equality actually exists.

Dr. Weiss-Rosmarin states but does not successfully demonstrate that "the symbol language of monotheism is certainly not patriarchal." Admitting that the Hebrew image of God is masculine she argues that this is "compensated for" by feminine representation of "core ideas." As evidence of this assertion she points out that both Israel and the church are characterized by feminine symbolism. She fails to acknowledge that the feminine in these instances is used to express a relation of *subjection* to God and to Christ (e.g., "bride of Christ") and that such imagery reinforces the stereotype of feminine subordination and passivity. The fact that the virtues are "feminine" is also part of the syndrome of patriarchal imagery. These are, after all,

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REFORMING THE PRISONS

The interest span of the public in meritorious but difficult causes is too often notoriously short, and such could prove the case with the Danbury prison strikes that initially focused about the Berrigan brothers. Time and routine have drained attention away from the strikers and their objectives, even though ten of the prisoners—Father Philip Berrigan included—were continuing their hunger strike into September at their prison-of-exile in Missouri; and their grievances remained as real as ever. The other 21 insurgents were back in line by mid-August; the media were off on other pursuits; prison authorities once again projected attitudes of "normalcy," as though little or nothing needed reform.

But if the books are about to close on the Danbury events this should not take place without one issue particularly being taken up by those in positions of effecting change. This is the issue of parole reform and the operations of the U.S. Board of Parole—point two in the catalogue of grievances of the "Danbury resisters." (Point one was denial of parole to the Berrigans—seemingly a gesture beyond the generosity of the current Administration; point three, the welfare of South Vietnamese political prisoners.) Federal prisoners find the Board of Parole secret, arbitrary and slow in its functioning; they challenge its right to operate totally beyond public scrutiny and accountability; they protest such regulations as no-access to files prior to parole hearings. Their grievances are just. Many aspects of the parole procedure, as the "Danbury resisters" stated, only serve to increase the suffering of prisoners and the burden of hardship on their families.

Tennessee Congressman William R. Anderson raised questions about Parole Board procedures and the "inopportunity of prisoners to defend themselves against erroneous, invalid and prejudicial information to the Board" in a recent telegram to Dr. Roman Carlson, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, and served notice that he intended to solicit a full-scale inquiry from the appropriate Congressional committee. Congress was in recess when Representative Anderson dispatched his message, thus action could not be immediately instituted. Now, however, the Congress is back in session, and it is imperative for justice's sake that the issue be pursued. Mr. Anderson's office has indicated that there is no intention to let the matter drop; the one question appears to be the legislative route to be followed. A number of

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options are open, such as a formal request for a hearing from the House Judiciary Subcommittee headed by Representative Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin or a special bill creating a select committee to probe prison issues. The option decided upon is important only so far as it is effective in getting at the abuses which make the parole experience arbitrary and unfair.

On the other hand, no investigation of prisons should begin and end with a look at the Federal Parole Board. This should be but the starting point for a comprehensive examination of the whole penal system—from prison life itself back to the theory and law which provide penal rationales. The tragic slaughter at San Quentin Prison, which left George Jackson and five others dead, points up the urgency of such a review by exposing inequities resting at the beginning as well as the end of penal cycles. For when the last words are spoken about George Jackson, there remains the accusing fact that he was in prison for one-year-to-life on a crime for which, as Roger Wilkins noted, a white youth might have received two years' probation. An investigation into parole reform provides the perfect opportunity for attacking the whole range of measures which victimize those who have gone afoul of the law.

Clergy and Laymen: Broadening the Concern

What does a national ad hoc emergency committee do at its first organizing conference, especially when it is already five years old? The first thing it does is acknowledge that it is still around; secondly, that while the purpose for the emergence of Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam still exists (the war), a new interest and commitment to a broader struggle is clearly developing, as is reflected by dropping "About Vietnam" from the organization's name.

Clergy and Laymen Concerned's recent conference at Ann Arbor had all that most conferences have and a little more, mainly because delegates not only had to deal with how to organize around issues but also how to organize their organization! Delegates heard from Madam Binh (by trans-Atlantic hook-up), Dave Dellinger, Muhamad Kenyatta, and several other movement leaders. Enormous amounts of time were spent by the delegates (some 500 from 43 states—nearly all white and nearly all middle class) working through what they believed should not only be the priorities of Clergy and Laymen Concerned (CALC) but also their own emphases in their local areas. The blacks, women, and other dispossessed made their claims upon the life and structure of the conference and CALC. Instead of falling into the "conference syndrome" of theorizing indefinitely, the delegates hammered out specific campaigns and strategies and calendars for these areas of concern. People commented that they had moved from a state of dormancy to a renewed commitment to action in the struggle for peace and justice at home and abroad.

Whether or not any of the campaigns developed will come to fruition will be seen in the coming months, but there was plenty of evidence of a determination to struggle. There was a marked absence of rhetoric and a sense of realism about the nature of the struggle and the long-term commitment that was needed. (I may be wrong, but I came away with more hope than I usually have at such gatherings.)

The strongest response to any of the proposals put before the conference came for Bangla Desh and the refugee situation caused by the crisis in Pakistan. The case for Bangla Desh was made by a number of Pakistanis, including Eqbal Ahmad of Harrisburg fame. They spoke movingly and strongly of the plight of their people to the whole conference and were always available for smaller and more extensive discussions—an impressive lobbying effort. (Perhaps Bangla Desh is Biafra all over again, but the organization and interest that is being developed gives evidence of drawing solid and consistent support from many different areas of American life.)

The changes taking place in CALC were repeatedly reflected in conference discussions. The inter-religious grassroots organization, with local and national field staff and steering committees, was often under pressure to define its bounds and state whether it was capable of the broader organizational commitment called for by many participants. Vietnam was seen as part of the struggle for peace and justice, but a term that was frequently used was "Invisible War," pointing to the U.S. military involvement in a number of wars and a number of countries. (Fear was expressed that the war in Indochina might become an invisible war once again and with a diminished outcry from the public.) Mention was made again and again of the increasing use of technology and how this enables a war to be expanded while decreasing the manpower investment—what one speaker called an "executive war."

Another recurring theme was economic justice at home with a strong emphasis on the wealth and power of corporations and the injustice of the welfare system. Perhaps it was at this point that delegates were clearly reminded of the difficult tasks that confronted them. All the time this was taking place, conference delegates reminded themselves that the world kept moving on: the farcical developments of the Presidential election in South Vietnam, the continuation of an injunction by some local Ann Arbor churches against the poor and the blacks (a legacy from the Black Manifesto), and the shooting of George Jackson weighed heavily upon the life of the conference. The reporting of Jackson's death

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took place at a critical moment in the conference process, and delegates were distraught, but couldn't agree easily on a conference statement on his death. What they could agree on was that George Jackson was killed because he was a black man.

What did the six-day conference mean? Certainly CALC has opened its doors to new forces, and those doors can't be closed. It is also clear that a major aim is organizing both locally and nationally around specific issues. An elaborate but functioning machinery was set up to allow goals and campaigns to be approved and supported by local groups before a national campaign began. The process offers a high potential for an agreed action, yet there is no guarantee that it will work. Ann Arbor was only an important and hopeful first step.

ROBERT S. LECKY

(*Robert S. Lecky is editor of* American Report, *a review of religion and American power.*)

Bolivia: Prayers Before a Coup

(Ed. note—The following account was written before the outbreak of the successful army uprising which overturned the left-wing government of Bolivia. The uprising began, it should be noted, in Santa Cruz.)

When the Roman Catholic diocese of Santa Cruz, Bolivia, chose to celebrate the tenth anniversary of a previous Eucharistic Congress, many priests, though opposed to the idea, thought they were witnessing only one more example of the pre-conciliar mentality of the local bishop, Luis Rodriguez Pardo. It turned out differently.

Santa Cruz, which five years ago looked like a set for a cheap Western—sandy streets, hitching posts and sleepy pace—is bustling into modern life. Farm labor is migrating from other parts of Bolivia; a new road has linked this once forgotten spot to the rest of the country. There is money to be made in trading, in cotton, in lumber, in real estate, in all the areas of a frontier economy. There are also all the political crossfires which will surely erupt into open conflict if not even civil war in Bolivia.

While many of the old-line propertied class in Santa Cruz are counting their profits from agrobusiness, many others are furious over the new tactics of certain groups of *campesinos*. In the last three months, more than 100,000 acres have been taken over by the organizations of these poor peasants. These leagues, mainly affiliated to the *Union de Campesinos Pobres* (UCAPO), a Peking-oriented group, have forcibly occupied and distributed holdings in excess of the limits imposed by Bolivian law. Other groups of peasants have taken to blocking roads as their form of "strike" to pressure the government, in particular on roads and bridges necessary to get their produce to market. The Bolivian army, stationed in the area, has grown worried over the fact that the *campesinos* possess both arms and the apparent willingness to use them.

In the city of Santa Cruz itself the same popular uprising is evident. Recently a well organized group of workers took over a tract of land set aside for a luxury housing development. The squatters argued that the concession of the tract resulted from a deal between the military and past-President René Barrientos Ortuño.

In this atmosphere of rising popular expectations and demands, the Santa Cruz establishment has been nervously organizing itself to halt the drift toward socialism.

And it was in this atmosphere that Bishop Rodriguez decided to fly in the face of his clergy who opposed the massive mobilization of the simple faithful around a mixture of devotion to the Eucharist and an allegedly miraculous image of the Virgin. The clergy argued that such a revival was anachronistic now that the Latin American church had severely criticized (on paper, if rarely in practice) pietistic manifestations of devotion that do not contribute to an integral growth, human and spiritual, of the poor. The clergy of Santa Cruz begged the bishop not to go ahead with a triumphalist display of sentimental religiosity. But Rodriguez insisted. The priests' senate reconciled itself to the stubbornness of the prelate. It was later that events in the Eucharistic revival convinced many that it was an integral part of a movement with political overtones. It coincided with more frequent and more virulent calls for a counter-attack of the Right.

When the image of the Virgin of Cotoca was brought in procession to the city, the layman entrusted with the prayer of welcome was Juan Franco Suarez, vice-president of the cotton-growers' association. Franco used the opportunity to attack the progressive priests of Santa Cruz, those who, "contradicting the doctrine of the Pope, speak words of hate." He was referring to the priests of ISAL (Church and State in Latin America), a progressive ecumenical group that recently declared itself socialist, who have been active in support of the urban and rural squatters as well as open opponents of a conservative "Catholic" wing of the teachers' union.

Franco continued praying to the Madonna, saying "You come, O Dearest Mother, when from the pulpits of your church and and in your name, there are priests who preach hatred, violence, protest and chaos." Using "Christian sentiment" as his catapult Franco expressed concern that these socialist priests have upset the model capitalist growth that was Santa Cruz's. "Teach, O Lady, your priests that the wave of 'their revolution' has brought confusion, unemployment and poverty to your

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Santa Cruz, precisely when we were making progress in the social and economic order."

Not only did Franco Suarez take the opportunity to join the august company of the Virgin Mary in attacking those priests committed to social change. The official preacher of the mission, Rev. Eduardo Arcuza, attacked those poor who "drink away half their salary and then wonder why they are poor." He recommended that the poor "look to the rich for their example as to how to progress by hard work." Arcuza emphatically made his point that those priests who quote the Medellin documents challenging the Latin American church to be poor among the poor . . . jump to radical conclusions by reading out of context.

The results of the mission were as expected. The bishop gained the renewed support of the rich for his clear display of "old-time religion." The poor were drawn in multitudes by their faith in the Virgin of Cotoca. A neutral ground was provided for fiery anti-socialist oratory which benefited by the patina of authority provided by the pulpit.

But not all stayed on the level of oratory. Words led to actions. A group of one hundred pious women attacked the church cared for by the "revolutionary" priests. These stalwarts of "Catholic Action," armed with placards reading "Communists to Cuba," "Long live Religion," and "Down with socialist priests," found a willing listener in the person of the bishop. This dignitary, responsive to the wishes of his faithful, called in the superior of the priests, asking that they be removed from his diocese.

Next step? Some political observers think the whole works is following the timetable of the bishop and his anti-Communist friends. FRANCISCO JEREZ

(Francisco Jerez is the pseudonym of a permanent resident of Bolivia.)

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INTERNMENT IN IRELAND

EVERYONE BUT THE TERRORISTS

Mrs. Orla Farrell was awakened at 4:30 a.m. on Monday, August 9, when soldiers smashed down the front door of her home, then broke into her bedroom. Under the muzzles of automatic rifles, her husband Michael was given "two seconds" to dress while the house was searched. Then he was taken away in an armored car. After that, according to Mrs. Farrell, he was held in solitary confinement in an army camp for 48 hours. In the course of that time he was made to run barefoot over barbed wire, broken glass and stones. Soldiers beat him as he ran. At one point a police dog was unleashed on him. He is now in prison.

All that happened in Belfast, the capital of Northern Ireland—"an integral part of the United Kingdom," says Prime Minister Edward Heath, who at the time was somewhere off Plymouth in his yacht Morning Cloud. The soldiers were British. Magna Carta may be 756 years old, but the rights and liberties of Englishmen are circumscribed in Northern Ireland by the Special Powers Act which is now 50 years old and part of the permanent law of the land.

Michael Farrell was one of 300 or so arrested in that August dawn swoop. The relatives of the rest have told similar tales. They belong to different political persuasions, but none is a Unionist. Brian Faulkner, the third Premier of Northern Ireland in as many years, said he was quite pleased with the introduction of internment because it enabled him to jail the "hard-core terrorists" of the IRA. But if there is one thing most observers agree on it is that nearly all the "hard-core terrorists" escaped the roundup. Either intelligence was faulty, or they were just not available.

Farrell, for example, is not a member of the IRA. Like about 20 others arrested that morning he belongs to the New Leftish People's Democracy, the organization of Queen's University students from which Bernadette Devlin sprang. Farrell is a college lecturer and edits the PD's *Free Citizen*. He is articulate, his speeches are often inflammatory, but his tactics are non-violent.

Seamus O Tuathail is a freelance Dublin journalist, although an unusual one. Up to a couple of months ago he was editor of the *United Irishman*, voice of the "official" or moderate Sinn Fein. (They have a socialist program and avoid violent confrontation with the British army in Northern Ireland.) On Sunday, August 8, O Tuathail went to Belfast, checked into a lodging house on the Falls Road, watched television till 11:30 p.m., then went to bed. It was still dark when he heard the front door being splintered by fierce thuds, steps on the stairs, English accents, his bedroom door kicked in. Flashlights blinded him, he could see pistols gleaming in the hands of uniformed men when he got used to the turmoil, and voices shouted "Get out." He too was put in an armored car and taken away.

O Tuathail has smuggled his story out of prison. The *Irish Times* in Dublin gave it front-page play for two days running. He was the first to tell from the inside what had really happened. It is a vivid document written in staccato style. Beatings by soldiers were routine. O Tuathail was forced to run with a half-dozen others to a waiting helicopter, its engine churning.

"Kicked and thumped with batons," his notes read.

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"Police dogs snapping at either side of corridor. Soldiers jump in way. Knock you down. Fall and you are picked up. Kicked up ramp into helicopter. No sooner sitting than told 'Jump out.' Now told 'Bend down.' Then told 'Run.'" He ran and was kicked out of the helicopter back to the building where it all began. The treatment was repeated with the helicopter part left out. Later he was "flung down the steps of D Wing, Crumlin Road (prison), limping and bloody." He collapsed in a cell.

A prisoner described to O Tuathail how soldiers had stubbed out burned cigarette ends on his neck; at another po[illegible]one soldier put the barrel of his rifle into the man's mouth. An injured prisoner was given a chair, then soldiers kicked it from under him. A third was used as a hostage in an armored car raiding dangerous sections of Belfast.

Cardinal Conway, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, condemned internment as a policy directed only against Nationalists. "Already there is prima facie evidence that entirely innocent men . . . were subjected to humiliating and brutal treatment by the security forces," he said in the strongest statement of his episcopal career. A little over a year ago he was asking the Nationalists to give the pledged British reforms a chance to work. In response to the Cardinal, the British government has promised an inquiry into the allegations of brutality.

Who were these men and what had they done to deserve such treatment? No doubt the soldiers thought they were dealing with "hard-core terrorists" as Faulkner claimed, and treated them accordingly. In fact most were civil rights activists—including the chairman and chief organizer of the Civil Rights Association—and left-wing Republicans. One of the internees had served in the Royal Navy for seven years and had won a citation from Queen Elizabeth. One man was seized in obvious mistake for his brother, but he is still in custody. All the male members of one family were jailed and a father and son seizure was common in Belfast. A youth was arrested because he was in the wrong place at the wrong time—visiting an area that was being raided. A man and his wife have been incarcerated. And so it goes.

Joe Cahill, leader of the Provisional IRA wing that broke away from the parent group because of the latter's alleged lack of militancy, told a press conference in Belfast, as British soldiers searched everywhere for him, that only some 30 members of his organization had been taken. The Provisionals were the target of the internment policy and were ready for it.

No member of the Unionist right-wing terror groups was arrested. Any move in that direction would upset Faulkner's delicate power play. During the week's fighting following the internments, these groups were engaged in sniping and bombings. They burned out whole blocks of Protestant homes after evacuating the residents in "border" or mixed areas. In the course of the crisis the leader of one of these groups, John McKeague, warned: "Unless something is done very quickly, we will remove this government and this time it will not be just a Prime Minister who is removed but an entire Cabinet."

It is widely believed in Belfast that one of these groups was responsible for the slayings last March of three young British soldiers. If you ask questions in the right places you'll even be told the names of the killers. There is a suggestion that no one wants these men interrogated too closely lest they spill the beans as to how deep the "terrorist conspiracy" runs in the Union Party itself. At any rate they are still at large despite Scotland Yard, the Special Branch and the British army.

The British government refused an inquiry into the killing in July of two youths in Derry by British soldiers. The army says they were armed, but witnesses—including the priest who gave last rites to one of the victims—deny this. The opposition Social Democratic and Labor Party walked out of the Unionist-controlled Stormont parliament in consequence and now vows to set up a separate assembly. John Taylor, the Unionist minister responsible for security, defended "without hesitation" the Derry killings, adding that it "may be neccessary to shoot even more in the forthcoming months in Northern Ireland." Cynics say that is the only promise the Unionists have delivered during their 50 years in office. Twenty-eight died in the post-internment fighting, thousands are homeless and thousands more are refugees.

The Nationalists are now engaged in passive resistance with the support of the Dublin government. They want the Union government dumped by Britain, some kind of "shared power" arrangement followed by a united Ireland. The old order is dead in Northern Ireland, they say, and they will not return to it. Heath and Dublin Prime Minister Jack Lynch are scheduled to meet in October, but unless the present political climate improves they won't accomplish much. They are barely on snarling terms at the moment.

The political climate is getting worse. The other day in quiet, sleepy Strabane a deaf-mute was shot dead by British soldiers. They said he had a gun. People in the town say that's ridiculous. Jack McKinney of the Philadelphia *Daily News* drove from Derry to Strabane to question eyewitnesses of the shooting. They all told him the mute had no gun and the shots came without warning. "Strabane is awake today and bitter," wrote McKinney. "Not because of Bernadette Devlin's words but because of Eamon McDevitt's blood." Miss Devlin had spoken there earlier in the day, which may explain the nervousness of the soldiers. They killed a truck driver in Belfast when his van backfired.

SEAN CRONIN

(Sean Cronin, a native of Ireland, is a reporter for the Newark Evening News. *He has recently returned from a visit to that country.)*

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THE CAMDEN BUST

WATCH OUT, UNCLE SAM IS ANGRY

Ever since word first leaked out of their arrest, relatives and friends of the "Camden 28" have speculated that the Government would seek revenge for the infamous raid on the F.B.I.'s Media, Pa., office. In light of last week's developments, it now seems the Government is prepared to go the speculators one better and will soon seek indictments in connection with the Media raid as well as several other unsolved attacks on Selective Service offices on the East Coast.

At a bail-reduction hearing before Federal District Court Judge Mitchell H. Cohen on Aug. 30, Assistant U.S. Attorney Joseph Audino told the court that John Grady, described as the "ringleader" of the Camden 28, had told the Government's "informant" (generally believed to be Robert Hardy, a local Camden man) that he had taken part in the Media raid as well as "13 or 14 other separate raids on Selective Service offices." Later during the hearing, the U.S. Attorney implicated three other Camden defendants in raids on draft boards in Williamstown and Lansdowne, Pa., and Trenton, N.J. Audino indicated that basis for his allegations was again information supplied by the Government's informant in the Camden case.

Prior to these more recent disclosures, Jim Forest of the Harrisburg Defense Committee had said of the Camden debacle, "The F.B.I. scored quite a coup. I bet they must be gleeful right now." What Forest could not have known at the time was just how big a haul the Government had netted. According to the complaint under which the original 20 people caught in the process of committing the raid were arraigned, "information was provided by an informant who has provided reliable information on at least 12 occasions and is not known to have provided unreliable information to the F.B.I. on any occasion." That seems to indicate that "the informant" met with the F.B.I. on at least 12 occasions prior to the raid and may well have been giving them information and working with them prior to the conception of the Camden action. If such is the case "the informant" most likely has a great deal of information concerning numerous other previously unsolved raids and may have been instructed to seek out such information specifically. If this is so, Camden can expect to see a great many more indictments in the near future.

One thing that seems to indicate that more indictments are coming is the fact that the special grand jury which issued the original indictments has been recessed until Sept. 22. Sources close to the Camden group claim that everyone even vaguely connected to the draft raid there has already been indicted and can only assume that the Government is taking a month's recess to prepare its case with reference to other raids. As one of the Camden defendants put it, "A lot of people are sitting home now wondering when the knock on the door is going to come. Hardy spent a lot of time asking questions: 'What's happening,' things like that. Now people are trying to remember what they told him." Apparently what they are remembering is not making them terribly happy.

Perhaps a more significant disclosure made at the bail-reduction hearing is the drastic shift in the Government's attitude toward the Catholic Left. In transferring the defendants from their respective jail cells to the courtroom, the U.S. marshals not only handcuffed the prisoners together but shackled them with leg irons. Such precautions are usually reserved for criminals convicted of capital offenses. While it might be written off to the inexperience of local Camden federal court personnel in dealing with anti-war activists, one person familiar with the court routine discounted this theory and told me, "They're mad at something and want to rub it in."

Assistant U.S. Attorney Audino was equally unrelenting in his opposition to any reduction in the unusually high bail granted by the courts at the time of indictment. (The original bail figure for all 28 defendants came to $815,000 but has since been reduced.) He repeatedly cross-examined character witnesses for the defendants and cited their past involvement with peace groups and previous arrests. Technically such a strategy is always the option of a prosecuting attorney. In practice the Government only employs it when it wishes to be vindictive or considers the defendants dangerous to its continued well-being.

Prior to the raid on the Media, Pa., F.B.I. office, the activities and actions of the Catholic Left could only be considered symbolically effective. Starting with the Baltimore action in October, 1967, the incursions of the Catholic Left against the draft boards around the country have never materially hindered the functions of the draft. While the Government hardly welcomed the various break-ins, neither did it feel particularly threatened by their effect.

With the Media raid and the subsequent release of certain embarrassing documents to the press, the Catholic Left escalated its opposition. Before they were gadflies. After Media, Pa. they became saboteurs, at least in the eyes of the Government. It has responded accordingly. The question remains whether the F.B.I. will move to quash the movement as harshly as it did against the Panthers. And if so, what will be the reaction of the Catholic community as a whole?

PHIL TRACY

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HOW REFORMERS BOMBED IN NEW HAVEN

Geography of ethnic politics

DENNIS HALE

Despite its size and its reputation as an intellectual oasis, New Haven, Connecticut, is, in most respects, a fairly typical New England town. From the shabby railroad station to the empty storefronts a few miles away, the city presents itself as a place on the fringe of things that time has badly abused. The presence of Yale University does nothing to dispel the general impression of gloom: on the contrary, the university's colonial towers give New Haven the look of a dying mill town presided over by a Protestant church (faith of the owners, living still), a pool of poverty surrounding a steeple. Yale is New Haven's Protestant church in more ways than this, and it reigns over its children more imperiously than any merely religious institution ever could. In *Who Governs*, Prof. Robert Dahl concluded that New Haven was, all things considered, a democratic town. He should have known to look for the towers, and discover who owns them. Any New England Irishman could have told him that much.

If all this sounds a little vague, it is nonetheless a reflection on a well-known, or at least easily-discovered fact: look for signs of wealth and renewal in New Haven, and you will find Yale University, the pearl in the oyster. Between 1953 and the mid-1960's, millions of dollars of federal urban renewal money were poured into the city at the behest of its liberal mayor, Richard C. Lee, and his friends at Yale. The result is a ribbon of wealth that separates Yale from the shanties, housing projects, and crowded apartments where most of the people live. This ribbon is downtown New Haven, and, as downtowns go, it is a pretty place. It even has a genuine architectural wonder, if you want to count the new Knights of Columbus headquarters, which is for some reason modeled after a grain elevator. There is a modern shopping mall built around a Macy's department store, where you can stroll among the merchandise without being bothered by the weather or the smog from the steel plants. As an added protection, a new superhighway insulates the whole against any possible contamination from the poor neighborhoods to the southeast.

Back in the '50s, New Haven was the hope of the future among urban renewal enthusiasts and city-planners. Projects were started nearly every year. The construction industry blossomed. Support for Lee's administration came from all over the country, and, more surprisingly, conservative businessmen in New Haven were just as happy with him as the city-planners were. While liberals elsewhere were being ignored, or worse, Dick Lee was winning election after election, and apparently was going to have the job as long as he wanted it. While other cities starved for funds, Lee's genius for extracting money from the federal government brought New Haven more money per capita than any other city in the country. His administration had the constant support of Yale, and seemed to prove, not only that urban renewal could be "sold," but that intellectuals and politicians could work together for the common good.

Yet Lee's renewal program shared with many others the fault of being overly concerned with real estate, while remaining blind to the sickness beneath the surface. Little by little, New Haven became an illusory showpiece, its downtown a miracle of renewal, its outer shell a thing of decay. Housing construction lagged behind highway construction, and as the business district improved, the rest of the city became more crowded and desperate. It

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was probably never planned that way: America is not so much hostile to her poor as she is indifferent to them. In Lee's case, indifference was flavored with naiveté. The informal, public relations style of government, which appealed so greatly to liberals, appealed also to businessmen, who had always seen government as a problem to be settled by friends in the back room of a good restaurant. Having brought liberal intellectuals and cautious businessmen together in the same enterprise, Lee undoubtedly felt that all interests were represented. After all, weren't liberals in favor of low-income housing projects? Weren't they against poverty? Who could complain?

Left out of the deliberations entirely were all those who could never get into the restaurant in the first place, or who, once there, would be tempted to spit in the soup. Liberalism has never comprehended the American class system and the terrible anger that comes with it. Sensing that anger, liberal government tries to push it aside, to define it as "irrational," and to have the unruly "represented" by those who know the rules, who know when not to speak, and who do not kick up a fuss.

In 1967, some of the bills came due: blacks rioted, burning and looting and generally scaring the hell out of everyone, and New Haven's carefully cultivated image as a Model City withered overnight. Lee and his friends seemed to feel that they had been betrayed.

Black Coalition

The 1967 riot ended an era in New Haven politics, and broke the city's political life wide open. Galvanized by the street actions—or, perhaps, as frightened by them as the whites—New Haven's black middle-class leadership came together in an organization called the Black Coalition, whose stated purpose was to channel the energies of the community into constructive directions. Yale approved, and came through with a healthy contribution of funds and prestige. An election was coming up, and the Coalition decided it was time to challenge Lee. In May, 1969, Henry Parker, the Coalition's founder and first chairman, announced his candidacy for mayor.

By this time, Lee's reputation as a progressive mayor was effectively dead, and liberals began lining up behind Parker. Sensing a faction fight, and thus an opportunity, the long-dormant regular Democratic organization headed by Arthur Barbieri began to shown signs of life. And in the midst of all this furious maneuvering, Lee surprised everyone by announcing that he would not seek a ninth term as mayor.

With Lee gone, the only organized political forces in the city were the Black Coalition and their white liberal allies, and the regular organization, which now chose the president of the Board of Aldermen, an anti-Lee conservative named Bartholomew Guida, to go against Parker. It was no contest in the party convention: Guida beat Parker 53 votes to 10. In the primary that followed the convention, Parker did a little better, polling 3,900 votes to Guida's 6,200. Guida went on to win the regular election against a Republican moderate by only 1,700 votes, even though Democrats outnumber Republicans in New Haven by 5 to 1. Parker's people managed to win 7 of the 30 seats on the Board of Aldermen.

In the two years since the election, nothing very spectacular has happened. Guida is certainly no Richard Lee, and seems to be overwhelmed by the city's problems. Recently he has suffered a rash of resignations, including his own campaign manager (who has since returned), his secretarial staff, the chief of police, and three members of the Board of Education. The only excitement has been provided by the Black Panther Party trials, and the constant threat of race war that seems to hang over every city in the country. Meanwhile, the city's decay has progressed at a slow but steady pace.

Henry Parker, who is running for mayor again this year, against the same Bartholomew Guida, is probably the only black politician in the city with any hope of being elected, and he dominates black politics in New Haven (at least, above-ground politics) completely. A man of great energy and ambition, who has been paving the way to office for many years, Parker has been extensively involved in numerous community-action type projects since he came to New Haven in 1957. He has two physical education degrees, one from Hampton Institute in Virginia, and one from Southern Connecticut State College, and for most of his years in New Haven, he has worked as a teacher and youth-counselor. Recently he has been an associate fellow of Morse College, Yale, teaching seminars in urban politics. He and his wife run a day-care center, and Parker has just opened his own consulting firm, Urban Affairs, Inc. He has also been a board member of New England Telephone, a trustee of the Connecticut Savings Bank, and a member of the board of Yale-New Haven Hospital.

Parker's chances of becoming New Haven's first black mayor appear to be at least good. Blacks make up about one-third of the Democratic voting lists (which is just about the percentage of the vote Parker won in 1969): this could be raised as high as 40 per cent if the voter registration drive succeeds. Add to this the Yale vote, which is more heavily committed to him now than in 1969, some of the 18-year-olds, and scattered non-Yale whites throughout the city, and Parker may be able to squeeze through the primary, which is being held on Sept. 22. If he does, he will face Republican Paul Capra, who carried the burden of having to defend Connecticut's Republican Governor, who just signed a 6.5 per cent sales tax and vetoed an increase in unemployment compensation. Connecticut's unemployment rate is 10.1 per cent. New Haven's is 9 per cent and rising. Republicans are not loved in New Haven.

But Henry Parker is not Guida's only opponent in the

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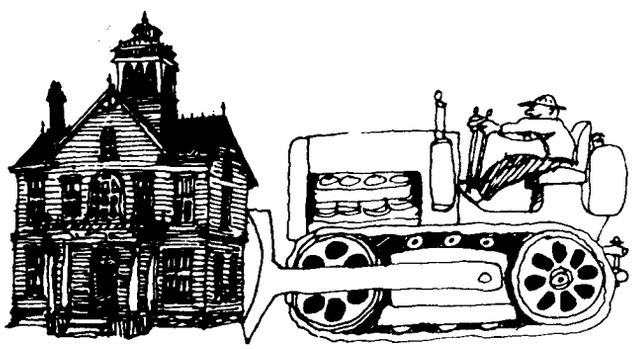
primary, and it is this that makes the New Haven election something different. The other man in the race is an Italian-Irish labor leader, Vincent Sirabella, who is head of the New Haven Central Labor Council. The contest between Parker and Sirabella is one that has divided many former allies and, as often happens with such things, threatens to become a very nasty business.

Vincent Sirabella came to New Haven from Providence in 1957, the same year as Henry Parker. A high-school dropout, he has been a member of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union since he joined it in 1937, when he was a dishwasher at the Providence Biltmore. A friend and ally of Richard Lee (who is giving Sirabella his quiet support), Sirabella is otherwise not in great favor among New Haven's establishment. For one thing, he has been strongly identified with the anti-war movement. He is a frequent speaker at peace rallies, and at the state AFL-CIO convention in 1970 he broke with the leadership to support Joseph Duffey against Tom Dodd for the Senate. He then served with Henry Parker as a co-chairman of Duffey's campaign, and is given the credit for Duffey's unexpected victories in union districts. (He got about half the union vote, which normally went 90 per cent for Dodd.)



For another thing, Sirabella is the leader of the Federation of University Employees. The FUE has about 1200 members, all Yale employees, most of them in the low-wage jobs such as busboys, waiters, maids, janitors and cooks. On April 30 they all went out on strike, and stayed out until June 19. By the time it was over, Sirabella had become a candidate for mayor, and somewhat of a notorious character.

The strike was a bitter one, much more so than would have seemed necessary. Violence broke out on the line on a couple of occasions, and Sirabella and an aide were roughed up by the police and charged with disturbing the peace. (They now have a suit against the police department for brutality.) It is perhaps a sign of the times that the students did virtually nothing to help the strikers. Five years ago such a labor dispute would have provoked a demonstration, at the very least, but not this time. It is also a matter of concern to Sirabella that the entire university community treated the strike as a petty nuisance, and that not a single liberal among the faculty would support the strikers. Students were easily recruited as strike-breakers, and faculty members and students crossed picket lines without hesitation. Only Joseph Duffey refused to cross the lines, even though he was negotiating with the university for a professorship at the Divinity School.

Liberals came up with various explanations for their failure to support the strike. One told Sirabella that Yale had a "national constituency," and so could not be treated like other, more parochial institutions. Some pointed to the university's plan to replace the workers with scholarship students (many of them black), and said that the strike threatened the minority enrollment program. Others argued that Sirabella was only "using" the strike to get his name in the papers and boost his chances of winning the primary. Black leaders say that their white allies are copping out on them now that it is a "black man's turn" to be mayor, and that Sirabella's presence in the election will only ensure the victory of Mayor Guida. On the other hand, Sirabella points out, it *was* a strike, and Parker and his white allies did not support it because it was a strike against *Yale*. So the FUE strike, whatever its original significance, has bubbled to the surface as one of the major issues of the election, and with it a larger issue that everyone seems more than willing to avoid. And that is the question of Yale itself, what its interests are, who its friends and enemies are, and what is to be done about it.

In a sense, this is the most difficult question in New Haven politics, and it is not surprising that most people are unwilling to talk about it openly. Yale University is a great mountain of untaxed wealth. The campus is beautiful, and set against the squalor of the rest of New Haven, its beauty is an unbearable affront. It sits there like a castle, daring to be stormed, invincible, and proud in the knowledge that it cannot be defeated. Much of the bitterness of the strike was the bitterness of a servant turning against his master, a master who prided himself on his generosity, and who now finds himself turned against by a thankless child. The relationship of the low-skilled workers to the Yale faculty provides a thousand occasions a day for unspoken resentment. "Empty the wastebasket," or, "Here, boy, take away this tray," or, "See if you can't do something about cleaning the windows." Anyone who has ever worked on a university faculty will know what that relationship is made of. Students who work in the Yale dining halls often fail to show up for work during exams, and of course, they are never fired for this, whereas any ordinary worker who did such a thing would get the sack immediately. Yale's liberal reputation only adds hypocrisy to arrogance.

Sirabella knows many of the Yale liberals from the Duffey campaign and other old battles, and he is furious. He is particularly angry at Kingman Brewster. "I can't

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stand phonies," he told me. "Here's a guy like Brewster making all these great social speeches, police brutality, migrant workers, etc., all these other problems. But in his own backyard? These jobs are being filled by blacks, Puerto Ricans, illiterate whites for the most part, and where is he? He can't say he's concerned with the welfare of New Haven when he's planning to eliminate these people's jobs. In his own backyard he's a very different kind of guy."

As embarrassing as the strike must have been to the Yale administration (Brewster received an angry telegram from Cesar Chavez, and Senator McGovern told a faculty audience that "it is wrong to make poor workers pay for the university's budget problems") they held out to the end. They even recruited a couple of labor-management specialists, who started mailing letters to the workers, threatening, at first, to replace all of them with students in the fall, and then, softening up a little, suggesting a rank-and-file revolt against Sirabella, who they accused of "exploiting" the workers for his own gain. However, morale remained high in the union. Whereas three years ago a similar effort folded after the first week, this time meetings and rallies attracted as many as 800 people in the seventh week of the strike.

Settlement

Yale finally settled, giving the workers a raise and a three-year contract, and postponing its plan to replace workers with students until the two parties can sit down again at the bargaining table next year, and come up with a solution satisfactory to both. Meanwhile the administration has promised to keep the student work force at its present size. (This is a crucial issue for the union: students have no loyalty to the FUE—"They think we're rednecks," Sirabella says—and are especially vulnerable to pressure from the university. If students ever become a majority of the bargaining unit, the union will be dead.) The low-skill workers got the highest percentage wage increase, from $2.25 to $3.05 an hour. The high-skill workers got a raise to $5.58 an hour.

Will Sirabella be a spoiler, and guarantee a victory for Guida? Deciding who the spoiler is in a primary is a little like trying to decide whose vote was "crucial" in electing the winner. It is just as easy to see Parker as the spoiler, if you only convince yourself that he can't win. Parker has going for him the fact that he is black, and can count on the votes of an enthusiastic and politically aware minority. On the other hand, Sirabella is Italian, which is no small factor in his favor, since there are a lot of Italians in New Haven. Sirabella *might* help Parker. In a three-legged race, the winner needs fewer votes to win than in a two-man race, and Parker is certain to get at least a third of the total votes from the blacks alone. If Sirabella draws votes from Italians who would vote for Guida if his only opponent were Parker (and this is almost certain to happen), then he will be doing Parker a big favor, and might even throw him the election.

But these are only strategic considerations. It is more important to wonder what kind of mayor either of these men would make, and what kind of coalitions they would bring to power. That is why the FUE strike became such an issue in the campaign: it was a miniature conflict that touched a number of important sore spots. By not supporting the strikers, Parker left himself open to the charge that he is in some way beholden to Yale, and that his campaign pits middle class liberals, black and white, against the poor. Sirabella has made the idea of a "working class coalition" a central theme in his campaign, and says that Parker is not a representative of the black community, only that part of it, the middle class, which responds to "ethnic pride" appeals, but which is otherwise rather conservative. Parker replies that blacks cannot trust unions, and that Sirabella, as head of the Central Labor Council, is partly responsible for the racism of many AFL-CIO locals in New Haven, particularly the building trades.

The New Haven election is a quandary because it pulls in so many ways against traditional loyalties and voting habits. Ethnic loyalties, for example. The first question in politics is "Whom do you trust?" And in America, the answer to that question has most often been, "Trust your own kind and no one else." Scattered attempts to spread loyalties farther than the tribe have not met with much success. Sirabella's effort seems to be one of these attempts: he is definitely not running as an Italian, and is not well-liked by the Italian regulars in the Democratic party. His anti-war stand and his radical labor speeches haven't helped any. The Italians (and the Irish, since there is no *bona fide* Irishman in the race) will be strongly tempted to stick with their own man, Guida, despite the fact that he has not brought any miraculous bounties to the Italian community. From a strictly utilitarian point of view, it doesn't make any sense for the Italians to vote for Guida, since he is clearly not up to the job of governing New Haven. Guida, however, is safe, and radical politics are an uncertain haven for people tossed about by the ethnic bigotry so rampant in this country. Granted, ethnic pride may be a pretty thin soup, but if it's all you've got, then it's better than nothing.

Black voters, too, are being asked to give up a newer, but essentially similar, set of habits. Parker is black, and if blacks follow the tradition, that fact will be decisive. Right now the factor of militancy is as important in the black community as that of race, and if Parker had a black opponent to his left (if, in fact, Sirabella were black) the picture would be different. The felt need for militancy would probably force Parker to defer to the more radical candidate, or move quickly to the left. But since Parker's opponent is white, ethnicity will probably

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move up to occupy first priority, and politics will be left to fend for itself.

Sirabella has not conceded anything to Parker. In 1969, Guida managed to get about 25 per cent of the black vote, and Sirabella feels that he can do at least this well, perhaps cutting Parker's share of the total to 65 or 70 percent. He plans to campaign actively in black wards, arguing that any sensible economic interpretation of black power requires radical politics, and not just black skin. If he succeeds—if, for example, he were able to get a third of the black vote—it would be an event of some significance, for it would mean that, in New Haven at least, an ancient pattern in American politics was beginning to fade.

In all honesty, however, it must be admitted that the chances of any such thing happening are pretty slim. For blacks, as much as for Italians and Irish, radical politics may turn out to be a less certain resting place than ethnic pride. Up to now, blacks have seldom had to choose between the two: black power *is* radical politics. Socialism and negritude found a congenial meeting place in the Black Panthers and similar movements. That may be a luxury of the moment, however. In Newark, a labor dispute split the black community in half, with a largely black school board finding itself in an odd alliance with LeRoi Jones against a teacher's union with black leaders and a substantial black membership, who were, incidentally, supported by the Black Panther Party. Black voters may soon discover that negritude, like Italian Power and the wearing of the green, covers a multitude of sins.

One of two things will probably happen in New Haven: either Sirabella will win without the blacks, or Parker will win without the working-class whites. Neither victory would be good for New Haven in the long run, since either would leave out of power a major part of the population that has already been excluded for far too long. The third possibility—another victory for Mayor Guida—would be a disaster for everybody. In a way, this current dilemma is just another one of the bills New Haven will have to pay for the long years of Richard Lee's well-meant but misguided tenure. It makes you wonder what bills we're running up today, and who will have to pay them in the decades to come.

THE NEW MAGIC

Is it a spiteful reaction to the science that has led to nuclear terror?

DOUGLASS McFERRAN

Years ago the anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski drew a distinction between situations (such as fishing in a quiet lagoon) for which a man's own efforts seemed sufficient and situations (such as fishing in the open ocean) for which a man summoned supernatural assistance. The thrust of his argument was that magic, the effort to manipulate the supernatural, was the basis of primitive religion.

Contemporary anthropologists no longer attempt such facile generalizations about the relationship between magic and religion, although Mary Douglas, in her *Natural Symbols*, has recently advanced a typology which links magic with a particular style of social organization (strong group but weak grid—clearly marked membership but a confusion of internal roles). Nevertheless, Malinowski's feeling that magic is an effort to compensate for impotence still seems a valid starting point for an analysis of the attraction of magic among the young.

This attraction has already been noted by a number of commentators. Within the perspective of Roszak's *The Making of a Counter Culture*, it can be interpreted as a reaction to the myth of "objective consciousness" characterizing contemporary scientific method. For Marcia Cavell, in her article "Visions of a New Religion" for *Saturday Review* (12-19-70), it is the darker side of the new consciousness, a pursuit of the irrational for its own sake. Even the press, noting first Sirhan Sirhan's interest in Theosophy and Rosicrucianism and then the use of tarot imagery in last summer's murder of a prominent Santa Cruz physician and his family, has found it necessary to present crash courses in the occult.

The occult, however, is hardly as hidden today as it was when church and state both proscribed magic as a threat to the good order of a Christian society. In San Pedro's Ports of Call Village, an occult shop dispensing such exotica as dried bat's blood (used for incense) and lessons in ceremonial magic is sandwiched in among other California boutiques and gift shops. Paul Huson, a Hollywood actor who claims descent from Scotch witches, has produced *Mastering Witchcraft* (Putnam, 1970), a practical guide for the apprentice in the black arts that makes

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Bell, Book, and Candle and *Rosemary's Baby* seem far less remote from everyday life. And even San Francisco's Anton LaVey, founder and chief promotionist for a new Church of Satan, has appeared both in the pages of *Cosmopolitan* and on various talk shows to recruit for a benevolent demonism.

The California locus of these examples is not accidental. The West Coast, a home for the uprooted of an entire nation, has been the spawning ground for most new movements from the Beats and Hippies to the Hell's Angels and the Jesus people. Whatever goes into the new consciousness seems to originate here. The new wave of magic, exciting to some and disturbing to others, is no exception.

Distinctions

In order to understand this phenomenon, which can be set into a context of both an increasing permissiveness and a declining optimism, there are a number of distinctions that should be made.

The most important of these is a distinction between the natural psychic or witch and the cultist. There are individuals—Edgar Cayce or Peter Hurkos, for example —who are remarkably clairvoyant. There are still others whom I will describe as genetic witches, people who appear psychologically dissimilar from the norm (as in a lowered threshold between their conscious and unconscious capabilities) and who quite often are from families in which this dissimilarity has been recognized and cultivated through a lore which, Paul Huson or Anton LaVey to the contrary, is not to be discussed with outsiders. In all of these persons, whatever may be a quite natural but little noticed ability for all of us is especially acute and has been consciously developed.

The cultist may in fact also have a more than average psychic capability, but his status as a believer or a practitioner follows from his interests rather than from his abilities. The astrology buff, the habitual seance-goer, the would-be witch studying ceremonial magic, the student attempting to master astral projection in the class of an experimental college—all are true believers regardless of any professed skepticism. As such they do not require the type of evidence which would affect the judgments of a dedicated rationalist. Those who are college-age in particular are quite often already sensitized to the occult because of their experience of the alternate states of consciousness available through drugs such as LSD or mescaline. Their view of the world has already been altered from the linear orientation of Western rationalism to a new magical perspective. They have moved from Tolkien and *The Teachings of Don Juan* to a more personal participation in a world which common sense asserts cannot (should not?) exist.

Another distinction regards the differences between yoga, spiritualism, magic, witchcraft and Satanism on one side and between the conceptions of white or right-handed magic and black or left-handed magic on the other.

Yoga, as one of the six established philosophies of Hinduism, predicates the existence of a pure spirit or *purusha* caught up in the evolutionary world of nature. Enlightenment, for the practitioner of yoga, consists in a directed retracing of this evolution (which in Hinduism sees the body as evolving from the mind) back from physical activity through overt consciousness to a liberated state in which the spirit is blissfully beyond all mundane effects. Classical yoga, as any of several sets of techniques going beyond the specific schools of Hindu metaphysics, has already recognized that asceticism—a withdrawal from natural acts—also brings an extraordinary control over nature, including such possibilities as clairvoyance and suspended animation, but the practitioner is discouraged from deliberately cultivating these powers. Tantric yoga, which appeared in both Hinduism and Buddhism from perhaps the fifth century A.D., is far more concerned with magic almost as an end in itself, and it is this understanding of yoga which appears in underground classics such as *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* as well as in the writings of Helen Blavatsky (asked for by Sirhan after his arrest).

Spiritualism, the contact with the dead, has been a staple of Western occultism at least since the days of A. Conan Doyle. Groups dedicated to a more systematic exploration of "the other side" have now organized as churches, and the gap between a more established Christianity and these Spiritualist Churches was quite publicly bridged when James Pike, former Episcopal Bishop of San Francisco, attempted to utilize their ministry to make contact with his dead son. Given a new familiarity with the belief in reincarnation and in the *bardo* state of wandering argued by Tibetan Buddhism, spiritualism has gained a new respectability among the young after many years of typically fraudulent exploitation.

Magic, apart from being a generic term, refers to the often elaborate ceremonials utilized either to divine the future or to affect the present. Medieval Judaism in particular developed an intricate lore of the good and evil spirits available to the one who knew their calls. In the Renaissance these supposed secrets of the Cabala, together with the Hellenistic writings attributed to Hermes Trismegistus, became the basis for a new magical tradition that was the precursor of modern science. This tradition was revived in the nineteenth century by Eliphas Levi and elaborated by writers such as Arthur Waite and Aleister Crowley. A number of secret societies, modeled on the Rosicrucian *illuminati* and the Freemasons, appeared as workshops for this magic, and the history of groups such as the Order of the Golden Dawn (which included not only Waite and Crowley but also Algernon Blackwood and W. B. Yeats) provides a fascinating sidelight on the Victorian mind.

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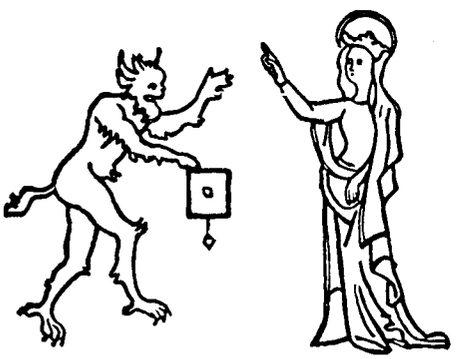
The Victorian magicians, whose interest was perhaps as much antiquarian as it was practical, were less inclined than their predecessors to view the spirits that they summoned as the immortal entities of an older folklore. Their explanations tended to view them rather as more or less transient manifestations of a single spiritual reality—the immanent God of the Gnostics rather than the transcendent God of orthodox Christianity. Contemporary explanations are even less theological: incantations and the various symbolic devices are no more than means through which a person's own emotional energies can be focused. The various spells presented by writers



like Paul Huson or Anton LaVey, for example, make use of materials and symbols whose significance is readily apparent: a popular love spell uses a red candle (a symbol of emotion and also of protection), salt (a preservative), and a rhyme which associates the ideas of fire, red and love; a simple protection spell calls for the planting of a sunflower (a symbol of life) in the dust of the footsteps of a person that one admires.

The line between magic and witchcraft is rather vague. The Victorian magicians for their part viewed witchcraft as a debased Christianity, superstitions lacking in the scientific credibility of "true" magic. Many of those today involved in witchcraft in contrast stress that they are engaged in a true religion of nature that antedates Christianity, and they argue for the collective worship of a witches' coven as against the solitary rituals of ceremonial magic.

At this point semantic difficulties abound. For many practitioners, magic connotes a traditional art that may be used either for benevolent (white) purposes or for malignant (black) ones, and witchcraft carries an unavoidable connotation of evil. But just as many are quite willing to accept a distinction between the white witch who practices alone and uses natural powers only for benevolent purposes and the black (or gray) witch who will quite generally belong to a coven and can use his skill for either good or evil. (Even whether the word "witch" is necessarily feminine is debated by knowledgeable insiders. Some use "warlock" to refer to a male while others insist that "warlock" is strictly an outsider's term.) Most contemporary exponents of witchcraft insist that the true witch will not generally use his powers for essentially selfish or for harmful purposes, but this image-building does not always seem to correspond to the expectations of older adepts.

In the same manner the popular image of witchcraft as worship of the Devil is challenged both by most modern witches, who prefer to see themselves as reverencing the forces of nature symbolized in ancient Celtic, Egyptian, or Greek gods, and by Anton LaVey, whose ebullient Satanism argues that the Devil is no more than a symbol for the good life of the senses repressed by the Christian concern for the soul. But at the same time an overt and less pleasant Satanism does exist. For some, who are fortunately not typical of the lights and flowers of the new consciousness, the deliberate acceptance of a principle of evil is to be a source of power, and this acceptance (as in the left-handed tantra of India that has led to the lethal worship of Kali) demands an actual desecration of moral and spiritual symbols. California, for instance, has seen the appearance of scattered groups, mostly of adolescents, who have wilfully explored the flip side of the occult even to the point of murder and cannibalism. Distinct in orientation but leading to similar results (as in the case of Charles Manson and his group) is an attitude that stresses the absolute identity of both good and evil in a higher consciousness and is to prove itself through a guiltless acceptance of what the "straight" world condemns. Yet, even though it is this side of witchcraft which is exploited by the same television and film scriptwriters who irresponsibly present all student radicals as violent-prone dropouts, it represents only a dark fragment of a movement which is typically bright and not at all menacing.

But why magic? Is this simply a spiteful reaction to the science that has led to nuclear warfare and the possibility of environmental self-destruction? Is it a retreat to the past or a summons to the future? As a trend is it good or bad? Should it be stopped—or can it be stopped? Above all, what is it tellling us about our young?

Any discussion of the contemporary interest in magic or witchcraft among the young must begin with the assumption that the value judgments made from the linear, rationalist perspective that most of us know are predicated on a partial vision. This is only to say that they are human judgments necessarily based on certain cultural preconceptions about man and his possibilities, a point which should be obvious were it not for the fact that the linear perspective tends to apply the concept of cultural relativity to every viewpoint but its own. Science, for instance, has cheerfully utilized the theme of evolution to displace both traditional theologies and the moral outlooks they lead to, but rarely have the preconceptions of science been subjected to the same deadly scrutiny. If in fact the new acceptability of magic does imply an entire critique of science, it is a critique which has perhaps been long overdue and therefore should be welcomed.

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But to say that magic is a reaction to science is too simplistic an interpretation. The apprentice witch who carefully constructs a horoscope for a friend may also be receiving an "A" in her college class in astronomy. Even the ecology addict who literally feeds on Taoist magic as he eats organically is not rejecting everything out of Western technology; he may dislike the automobile but he will not condemn a stereo phonograph. The new attitude is not really a pursuit of the irrational for its own sake. It is rather an acceptance of alternative patterns of definition to complement (not to supplant) those provided by the established culture.

This is, it is true, an acceptance provoked by a sense of alienation, a feeling of impotence first brought on by the frustrations of Indochina and only accentuated by the recognition that racism and poverty and pollution seem to be systemic by-products that cannot be eliminated until the system itself is redesigned. But it is also a genuine discovery. Not only is there a system that attempts to exact conformity, but there is another system—or rather a plurality of systems—which ignores the political and economic orders of a society almost completely in order to concentrate on the cultural order.

In part there is a new basis for community in terms of shared myths and rituals. In an age of co-opted religions, it is still possible for there to be an authentic and shared devotion to a nature whose reality precedes the artifices of society. Herbs and incense, candles and chants, vestments (or their total absence) and the paraphernalia of wands and pentacles, cups and swords (the four suits of the tarot)—all of these become the bonds of a group whose interpersonal dealings seem more honest than the secondary groups in which the young now work and study. There is a past imaged in the intricate lore of the zodiac or the *I Ching,* a tradition of mystery that appeals to the aesthetic needs of the young at a time when established religions have almost entirely foregone the use of symbolism in favor of an often spurious relevance. (One of the curious features of many communes, even of some of those that are specifically Christian, is the dependence on various techniques of divination as a basis for group decisions.)

But even more than whatever sense of community that magic brings, there is a personal fulfillment in accepting the challenge to develop intuition and focus emotional forces. A rational culture is highly specialized—"one-dimensional," as Marcuse described it—and offers little scope for either the contemplative or the erotic. Magic promotes both, and even while it appears to look backwards by its acceptance of an esoteric tradition, it also calls for a life of the imagination that can be highly suggestive for a new style of future.

A world that is more contemplative and more erotic might seem curiously unprogressive—or non-linear. It is the world of Camelot set not in Washington with a fallen Irish prince but in a Middle Earth whose "now" can take on a full measure of meaning because it is no longer isolated from the past for the sake of an empty future. It is the world of visions, at once as insubstantial as a dream and yet perhaps as necessary for sanity.

It is possible on the basis of either scientific or theological assumptions to regret the new wave of magic. After all, what happens either to technology or to Redemption in the surrender to an Arthurian mist? A far more humanistic criticism can be made, however. What happens to the society from which the magician or the witch has stepped back? Can it be charmed into change—or will the next step after this particular revolution of consciouness be still another counterrevolution in which witches are again hunted and destroyed?

There is a third possibility that may be even more disturbing. Witchcraft often functions in a tribal society as a substitute for aggression. For this reason the shaman or witch doctor is a stabilizing force in society since he diverts attention from actions that the society could not accept. The young counterculturists disenchanted with political activism may readily turn to magic for the sake of its stress on the contemplative and the erotic, and the technological society may quite easily permit this as far less of a social threat than would be a serious effort to redirect technology itself.

The Renaissance magicians did not prevent the Thirty Years War, the Victorian magicians did not prevent World War I. What remains to be seen is whether the new magicians can prevent *1984.*

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN

THE SCREEN

"The past is a foreign country; they do things differently there." So begins director Joseph Losey's latest film, *The Go-Between,* which is certainly one of the best movies if not *the* best, I've seen so far this year. Beautifully photographed in color by Gerry Fisher, the setting, a mansion and estate near Norfolk, England, is almost as important as the people who move about in it and re-enact the heartbreaking story; not really as important, of course, because people are always more important than place. But this handsome setting is exactly right for these handsome, wealthy and upper-upper class people.

Leo, the main character, is a lad of 13, not wealthy or upper class but likable and sensitive. And it is through the eyes of this young visitor that we see the events that take place during the summer of 1900. Leo is fascinated by the luxury around him and in no time, this adolescent falls in love with Marian (Julie Christie) the young lady of the house, especially after she takes

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him to town to buy some appropriate summer clothes to replace his winter suit. Also in no time, Marian begins using Leo—to carry notes to her lover, the tenant farmer (Alan Bates). Little does innocent Leo realize what is going on. But Marian's mother (Margaret Leighton) becomes suspicious. And when she drags Leo to the tenant's cottage and they find the lovers in bed, all hell breaks loose on this peaceful country estate.

The screenplay, written by Harold Pinter from L. P. Hartley's novel, is excellent—although I do have one complaint against both Losey and Pinter: they go out of their way at times to make their film more complicated and obscure than need be. There are many flash-forwards (to perhaps the 1940s) showing Leo the grown man (expertly played by Michael Redgrave) a soured bachelor whose life was no doubt changed by those unfortunate experiences in his adolescence.

Several times I was reminded of another fine English film, *The Fallen Idol,* in which a boy's unhappiness was brought on by his much-loved elders' misbehavior.

But *The Go-Between* has so many assets, I hate to crab about its makers' efforts to keep us in the dark at times. Losey's direction is outstanding (even better than his previous good films: *The Servant,* and *Accident*). The acting throughout is good. And the boy, Dominic Guard, is absolutely perfect as young Leo. If youngsters ever win Oscars, I hope he does for his performance.

Perhaps *The Go-Between* isn't for everybody, but for discriminating movie-goers, it stands with *Claire's Knee* as the cinema events of the year. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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JOHN FANDEL

INVITATION

I just stopped by to tell you
the lily on the seaward moor has opened.
I was out to watch dawn
wash in on the breakers,
and walking back, I saw—
something a little like leftover dawn,
a shade of shining in the wavy brush.
I was looking upon the lily.
An inward sun rose in me.
The lights I've seen today might well last
for all eternity, the way I feel.
I think the grave is not half so dark
since seeing such color
come out of the earth . . .
But I stopped by to tell you about the lily.
I could not bring it to you
without spoiling it for good.
Let me spoil you forever
by taking you to it.

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BOOKS

Exploring worlds not recognized by Western Consciousness

A Separate Reality

CARLOS CASTANEDA

Simon and Schuster, $6.95

JOSEPH GRANGE

When the term Counterculture is uttered, a vision of freaked-out kids, chanting gurus and the by-now familiar cultural ornaments of psychedelia usually spring to mind. But for all the infatuation with the drug experience, its exegesis has for the most part remained on the level of "Gee Whiz" and "Oh Wow" exclamations. The full significance of drugs as an alternative metaphysics of existence awaits something more than the pseudo-apocalyptic prose of Leary or its neo-Zen endorsement by Alan Watts. In this intensely personal account of his apprenticeship to a Yaqui Indian shaman, Carlos Castaneda draws a terrifying yet compelling portrait of the concrete demands and rewards of a life lived in and through the use of the hallucinogens. As a result, the outline of the significance of drugs for the Western mind is sketched and the full seriousness of such an alternative way of life made apparent.

In 1968 Castaneda published *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge* which traced the first five years of his study under Don Juan, an old *brujo*—medicine man, sorcerer, shaman—living in the southwest United States and the mountains of northwest Mexico. *The Teachings* conclude with Castaneda's withdrawal from the apprenticeship due to his experience of utter terror in this strange new world. *A Separate Reality* tells of the resumption of the apprenticeship and Castaneda's initiation into the process of "seeing" the real world which lurks beneath the surface of everyday appearance.

There are thrills galore in this book, but a recounting of the bizarre and mysterious experiences undergone by Castaneda—he travels through water, is pursued by irreal objects, and witnesses a number of states of non-ordinary reality—would not do justice to the importance of this work. *A Separate Reality* is not a Disneyland outing: it is a remarkable probe of the consequences of seriously exploring worlds not recognized by Western Consciousness. As such, it contains an ontology, an epistemology and an ethics.

The theory of reality that undergirds Don Juan's cosmos is similar to that of contemporary process thought. There is a fleeting "really real" world behind the stolid facade of things; to catch it, one must rely on the speed provided by the hallucinogens. But the mere ingestion of these drugs is not sufficient, for one is required to follow a strict regimen of analysis in order to become "a man of knowledge" (Don Juan's term for the profession of shaman). The rigors of this epistemology are as exacting as that of any contemporary scientific methodology, requiring close attention to detail and the precise performance of sophisticated techniques for successful experimentation.

The major consequence of this exploration of an alien culture, however, lies in the tacit ethic practiced by Don Juan. As a mode of concrete existence, this way of life demands a supreme and unbending effort of the will. Drugs, in other words, are not spiritual vitamins gulped down to ward off the evils of capitalism. Rather only a magnanimous stoicism exhibiting severe indifference to pain and loss but tempered by a sense of the comic can allow one to live in this world of mystery and magic. The courage of the warrior who has put aside fear and exercises a constant and unbending intent to fathom the inexhaustible worlds of creative wonder is the required code of conduct.

Nowhere is the difference between such an ethic and the ecstatic indulgence of the "turned on" more evident than in Don Juan's insistence on the reality of Non-Being, a realization gained by those who "see" as opposed to those who merely look. From such a perspective, the unimportance of property, self-esteem and happiness is revealed, and the authentic dignity of being a man responsible for making the journey towards the deepest dimensions of reality understood.

In the *Politics of Experience* R. D. Laing suggests that a new breed of priest-psychiatrist is called for: men of knowledge capable of helping others to endure and understand the voyage through the depths of time to the sources of existence. Don Juan's tutelage of Castaneda bears a striking resemblance to such a feat. Kind but emphatic, serious yet at times hilarious in his humor, he is the model of the good teacher evoking self-understanding rather than dispensing barren factual explanations after the manner of present-day scientism.

In an age that upholds discursive analysis as the paradigm of intelligence, the significance of the irrational vanishes. Two uses of it now dominate: one relegates it to the dust bin of superstition; the other appropriates it for mindless revolt against the dreariness of existence. *A Separate Reality* restores the irrational to its proper place: the reality of the unexpected together with its accompanying terror are part of the birthright of man. Its abuse in the service of black magic is as possible as the misuse of science. The demonic cannot, however, be neglected. What is required is the determination to employ the non-ordinary for the sake of what Don Juan calls "pursuing the paths that have heart."

Post-industrial modes of awareness have shrunk to the level of predictability and efficient performance, and the element of creative surprise has all but withered. While not everyone can follow the paths of Don Juan, his message

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should stir our sleeping depths: "We are men and our lot is to learn and to be hurled into inconceivable worlds . . . *Seeing* is for an impeccable man. Temper your spirit now, become a warrior, learn to *see*, and then you'll know that there is no end to the new worlds for our vision." Castaneda's courageous effort to do so warrants our thanks and his work our careful attention.

Crow

TED HUGHES

Harper & Row, $5.95

BARRY WALLENSTEIN

Though *Crow* appeared in England a year before it was published in this country, poems from the book have been available to American readers through anthologies. And there is little doubt that many of the poems in Ted Hughes' most recent collection will find their place in anthologies for years to come. The first temptation of the reviewer is to shout hallelujahs for a talent so engaging that any discussion of the state of British poetry or Hughes' position in "post-movement" verse seems irrelevant to his achievement.

"Bedtime Story," a poem that occurs midway through *Crow*, earlier appeared in *British Poetry Since 1945* as "Fifth Bedtime Story." Alone, its impact was substantial, but in the context of this book, which must be read in order because the poems advance to create a pattern not unlike a novel or a history, the poem gathers new meaning and intensity. It begins:

Once upon a time there was a person
Almost a person

Somehow he could not quite see
Somehow he could not quite hear
He could not quite think
Somehow his body, for instance,
Was intermittent

Bedtime stories are told to innocents, in language that is simple and anticipates wonder. With the word "intermittent," the wonder turns to confusion as the bedtime story develops its movement toward terror. It is revealed in the "story" that the hero cannot "quite see," has "only half a face," and "his legs were missing at the time." We are told "nothing could connect," that "he was a tar-baby" who "was already too late." There is a most disturbing seesawing between the implicit violence of the story and the casual manner of the telling. The hero of the story encounters a sea-monster and, physically fragmented as he is, cannot deal with it except to "write his autobiography." But even that is too difficult, after all, "his arms had become just bits of wood," and "he gave up." The last line is a separate stanza: "Creation had failed again."

Creation is the principal theme of *Crow*, and since man is blighted, wounded, or decapitated, Crow takes over as creator; as he also plays the more traditional role as destroyer, scavenger and Death.

It has been said about Hughes' work that his gift is for writing about the natural world "from the inside, as a being who knows that he is not divided from it." But here we cannot tell whether or not there is division between man and animal or man and the natural world, for even the animal—here Crow—is often at odds with nature. Besides, there are so few human voices that it is impossible to paraphrase the relationship between the poet and his world, natural or spiritual. The triumph of *Crow* is in our not being able to get to the bottom of any of these relationships.

The poems are all short, and while many are rich in paradox and the kind of ironies usually found in a more complex or elaborate poetry, they achieve, over all, the concentrated power of the epigram. The difference, however, is that unlike the epigram these taut structures, with their final punches, do not really end but turn us back into their middles. Hughes presents his comic-hero/villain Crow with a simple vocabulary. Yet, the overview or vision is of terrifying horror confronting promises of birth.

Crow is introduced in the second part of the first poem "Two Legends":

Black is the earth-globe, one inch
under,
The egg of blackness
Where sun and moon alternate their
weathers

To hatch a crow, a black rainbow
Bent in emptiness
over emptiness
But flying

As the poems on Crow gather, a distinct personality is felt, but as he is mythic, suggestive of both creation and destruction, the personality provides a richness of tone rather than a key to understanding. We see the image of Crow growing more distinct in "Lineage," the second poem in the book, in which repetition is used with rhetorical effectiveness: "In the beginning was Scream/ Who begat Blood/ Who begat . . ." etc. and finally "Who begat Crow," "Screaming for Blood/ Grubs, crusts/ Anything/ Trembling featherless elbows in the nest's filth."

Some poems, deadly serious, are relieved only by Crow's enigmatic personality, really his complex mythopoetic presence: as in "Examination

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at the Womb-Door" where *Death* owns all, from "scrawny little feet" to "all this messy blood" to "all of space"; who is stronger than "hope," than "will," love and life. The surprise ending undercuts the heaviness of concern, the doomful attitude, with an irony so strange we are brought back into the center of the terror: "But who is stronger than death?/ *Me, evidently.*/ Pass, Crow."

Such abrupt shifts in tone assist in the development of an image or symbol of death which is not opposed to life but is essential to creation. In the poem "A Kill," one of the few poems where Crow is absent, an unidentified subject is described. "Flogged lame with legs/ Shot through the head with balled brains/ Shot blind with eyes . . ." We imagine a terrible killing; the speaker seems to be enjoying the details. Finally the subject is identified obliquely through words he hears "faint and far," "It's a boy!" All the affirmative associations of birth and parental joy seem to stand against the terror. The final recognition, though, is not that with birth the first step toward the grave is taken, but that birth approximates death. The final line, "Then everything went black," tells us not only that the child is asleep but that the black crow of death-in-life is passing.

In a later poem Crow is the hunter who weeps over his kill, and his kill is transfigured to represent all our earthly losses. His ambivalent position in relation to life and death, terror and the release from terror is predicated on Crow's Theology." He discovers two gods, one who "loved him" and one "much bigger than the other/ Loving his enemies/ And having all the weapons." It is only mildly reassuring, then, that "God spoke Crow," and the terror, not so much of violence but of darkness, continues unchecked.

Crow is a hero in the mock epic tradition: "He clawed and fluffed his rage up./ He aimed his beak direct at the sun's center." Crow *is* the center of the universe, no less ubiquitous and central than Stevens' blackbird. "At his battle cry trees grew suddenly old,/ Shadows flattened." Yet he spraddles "head-down in the beach-garbage, guzzling a dropped ice-cream." He is akin to Lowell's skunk.

Amid the themes of copulation, creation and death, the theme of guilt is introduced as a motif. In "Crow's Nerve Fails" he is clearly admitted to be a murderer who "cannot be forgiven," though he will win us again and again through his chameleon-like presence. "His prison is the earth. Clothed in his conviction,/ Trying to remember his crimes/ Heavily he flies." The guilt that Crow bears is reflected in the poet's attitude toward the few humans who are let into the poetry "In Laughter," a non-Crow poem, states that it is "only human" to laugh. Yet amid the horrors of cars colliding and meteorites crashing "with extraordinarily ill luck" into prams, the ironic detachment of Crow is felt and, too turns to guilt. The laughter stops, "And slowly starts to fasten buttons,/ With long pauses,/ Like somebody the police have come for."

Hughes' indictment of human detachment, ironic or purely careless, is as persistent as the detachment itself and the tensions between these two opposing attitudes produces a poetry of "high seriousness."

Crow is full of burlesques, intricate turns on older methods of fable telling, and some hard and clear poetry about the beginning and endings of our lives. "Crow's First Lesson" was not love; God suggested the word and Crow retched. Instead he watched or partook of the love act between a man and a woman. Still a young one, like an innocent child, "Crow flew guiltily off." He knew the role he would play in man's creative and happily lustful enterprise.

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REVIEWERS

JOSEPH GRANGE teaches in the Department of Philosophy at the University of Maine.

BARRY WALLENSTEIN, a lecturer in the English Department at CCNY, is the author of *Visions and Revisions: An Approach to Poetry*.

RABBI JACK RIEMER, of the Beth Abraham Synagogue in Dayton, edited *New Prayers for the High Holy Days* (Media Judaica, Bridgeport, Ohio).

Psalms of Struggle

ERNESTO CARDENAL

WITH A FOREWORD BY
THOMAS MERTON

Herder and Herder, $3.95

JACK RIEMER

The Psalms are an amazing collection of poems. Written nearly three thousand years ago, they still have the power to speak to us and for us today. Very often their meaning has been covered over by fancy circumlocutions and archaisms that make them sound fancy and remote but when they are presented in clear and powerful English we realize how bold and blunt and beautiful they really are.

Every generation reads the Psalter from its own standpoint. Some generations read it from the tranquility of a well-ordered serene society and so they saw it in some lofty sentiments. This generation of ours reads it from the gutters, from the gas chambers, and from under the cloud of the atomic bomb and so we see in it some grisly truths.

There are two truths that our generation knows better and more intimately than did the generation of the Psalmists. One is the vast complexity of the Creation. We know how immense and multifaceted is this universe about which they sang so lovingly. And we know the human capacity for depravity and self-deception better than they did for we have seen its results and felt them in our bones. "The heavens declare the glory of God" has a new meaning for us now that we know so much about the nebulae and "My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?" has a new meaning for us now after Auschwitz and after Hiroshima.

A Psalter for those who live in the last third of the twentieth century has to be more than a collection of pretty

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hymns. It has to be a collection of cries that help to express our anguish, our embarrassment at being human, and our sense of awe at both the glory and the grimness of human life.

Ernesto Cardenal is a Nicaraguan poet who understands what the Psalms are and what they mean to this generation. Although he was a novice in the Trappist monastery at Gethsemani, Kentucky, for a brief time, his rendition of the Psalms is not the work of a contemplative but of a man who is deeply involved in the affairs of this world. It is the work of one who knows the meaning of words like police brutality, concentration camps, mafia and terror, and who knows these words not only from books but from his own personal experience.

The reader's first reaction to these renditions of the Psalms is surprise. We are not used to finding words like "dictators" or "gangsters" or "crooked politicians" used as translations instead of "wicked" or "scoffers" or "ungodly men." But if you live with these phrases long enough you begin to realize that they come very close in tone and spirit to the original. You begin to remember that the Psalmists were shepherds and farmers, not ministers, and that they spoke simple Hebrew, not King James or Victorian English as we sometimes tend to think.

There are two kinds of Psalms in this collection that will live long in the consciousness of the reader because of their vividness. One kind is the nature psalm that retells the glory of God's world such as 104 or 19. Cardenal begins one: "You are clothed in atomic power as in a cloak" instead of with the more familiar "light" and he goes on to recount the saga of creation in terms of what we now know from geology and nature study. Instead of "The heavens declare the glory of God," a phrase that we have all heard and said so often that it has become rote, Cardenal has:

The galaxies sing the glory of God
And Arcturus 20 times larger than the sun
And Artares 487 times more brilliant than the sun
Dorado Sigma with a brightness of 300,000 suns
And Orion Alpha which is equal to 27,000,000 suns
Aldebaran with its diameter of 32 million miles
Lyra Alpha 300,000 light years away
And the nebula of Boyer
200 million light years away
all announce the work of your hands
. . .

There are a billion galaxies in the explorable universe
turning like carousels
or like musical tops . . .
The sun describes a gigantic orbit
around the constellation Sagittarius
—he is like a bridegroom who leaves his wedding bed
and travels surrounded by his planets at 45,000 miles per hour
and takes 150 million years to make his circle
and does not deviate an inch from his orbit. . . ."

The language here is today's but the content and the mood are those of the original Psalm. The vocabulary is contemporary but the exultation, the sheer wonder at the workings of the world, is biblical.

Equally memorable are those Psalms in which Cardenal expresses his horror at the cruelty and the brutality of human life. His anguished outcries over the rapaciousness of the greedy and the viciousness of the dictators are the work of a man who has lived through some of the atrocities of this century. Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini have been the teachers who have enlightened him to the meaning of many passages in the Psalms and current events are very much in his mind as he writes these paraphrases.

Cardenal mixes metaphors from the old and the new and sometimes the juxtaposition creates a surprising effect. For instance, all of us recognize "Near the rivers of Babylon we sit and weep remembering Zion," but we are caught off guard by the next lines: "Looking at the skyscrapers of Babylon and the lights reflected in the river, the glare of the nightclubs and bars of Babylon and listening to their music." Suddenly Babylon has become simultaneously both the arch-example of evil in antiquity and a metaphor for the big city of today. In another passage, instead of saying that the wicked will disappear like "chaff," an image that is taken from an agricultural society, he says:

"I saw the portrait of the dictator everywhere
he had spread out like a flourishing tree—
and I returned to pass by
and he was not there
I looked for him and did not find him
I looked for him and there was not even a single picture
and no one was allowed to speak his name."

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The image which is obviously drawn from Russia's treatment of Stalin has a chilling effect and gives a new dimension to the ancient Psalm.

Those who are only interested in determining just when it was that a Psalmist lived will dismiss this book as unscholarly but those who care about whether the Psalmists still live and speak today will find this an exciting and suggestive work.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 467)

only qualities to be possessed and used. The master, actor, doer—in brief, the divinity, whether imaged as the heavenly Father or the incarnate Son—is masculine. Contrary to Dr. Weiss-Rosmarin's assertion, language does indeed have a politics of sex.

She asserts that the *real* problem of unfreedom of women in patriarchal societies is not language but the impotence of ideals expressed in language to direct action. Unfortunately, this analysis stops short. The problem, quite consistently, is in both the language and the "ideals." The writers of the Old Testament, Paul, the Fathers of the Church, medieval and modern popes and theologians have explicitly and enthusiastically affirmed the subjection of women. The ideals of patriarchal religion *as patriarchal* (there have of course been humanizing ideals co-existing with these in the tradition) have been applied with rigor by its ethicists who unequivocally affirm the right to life uniquely in the case of fetuses. All of this is quite consistent with the notion that God is male and that the male is God.

Social change will, I think, engender changes in religious symbols and values. This is already happening, and some women are anticipating the future with probes of creative imagination. To think in this manner admittedly involves an option in which liberation takes primacy over orthodoxy. This may well be unpalatable to defenders of tradition, whether Christian or Jewish. Yet I would suggest that the choice to think primarily in terms of liberation of persons is in the long run the more adequate way of defending and freeing the authentic values that have been buried under the oppressiveness of tradition, so that they may become operative in human life.

MARY DALY

Daly City, Cal.

To the Editors: Dr. Trude Weiss-Rosmarin ["Is God 'She'? And So What?" July 23] has failed to perceive the real meaning of the assertion, "God is a Woman." Women's Lib theologians are saying thereby, "Women have a spark of divinity; we are made in the image of God." The male church has overlooked Gen. 5:1,2, in which both sexes are made in the divine image, and by fraudulent exegesis has sold us a bill of goods that men were put here to run the show and to glorify God, whereas women are clods who help out. "God is 'She' " is a way of saying that women, like men, are rational, spiritual beings, who think, aspire, and achieve, in the natural order of things.

This is not to imply that the feminine element of Deity is an invention. The Old Testament word for God, "Elohim," is a composite word, androgynous in structure, consisting of a feminine word, "Elah," and a masculine word ending, "im." References to the maternal nature of God abound in scripture. Isaiah 66: 13, "As one whom his mother comforts, so I will comfort you," is only one example. Jesus himself compared God with a housewife seeking a lost coin, and compared himself with a hen who longs to gather her chickens under her wings (Luke 15:8, Matt. 23: 37). St. Anselm and Juliana of Norwich are typical of medieval writers who dwelt at length on "Jesus, our Mother." The third member of the Christian trinity, the Holy Spirit, was feminine in early Christian tradition (including Gnostic writings and the Syrian Didascalia), just like the Hebrew counterpart, the Shekinah, representative of the indwelling Spirit.

For the sake of historical accuracy, the question, "Is God 'She'?" is valid,

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even if Dr. Weiss-Rosmarin is right that feminizing God will not end the repression of women in church and state. Only women can end their own repression, with God's help, whose kinship with us is the cornerstone of our freedom.

Yet, history does support the claim that where goddesses ruled in heaven, women ruled on earth. Ancient Egypt boasted of Maat, goddess of truth; Safekht, goddess of learning, and Isis, guardian of the world, among others. The high status of these goddesses both reflected and inspired the high status of women in government and commerce. Queen Hatshepsut (ca. 1500 B.C.) is the best known of these early women rulers, her reign notable for the promotion of foreign trade and the building of the magnificent temple at Der-el-Bahri. Rank-and-file Egyptian women had more freedom than any other women of ancient times. They worked at trades, took part in public processions and religious ceremonies, and no occupation was closed to them except the military.

The same story can be told of ancient Babylonia and Assyria, where the supreme deity was a female, Ishtar, who embodied the highest ethical and religious thought of that civilization, and where the female population was part of the vocational scene outside the home. They were scribes, lawmakers and judges; women had not then been reduced to legal nonentity.

There are bound to be psychological and social repercussions when a nation pays homage to a female deity, as early Semitic groups addressed Ishtar:

> The light of Heaven, who blazeth
> like the fire art thou,
> O goddess, when thou fixest thy
> dwelling place in the earth,
> Thou who art strong as earth!

The suppression of the feminine element of God, whose parental concern is that of mother as well as father (Psalm 27:10), has fostered a second-place mentality among women, and master-race strutting on the part of men. These attitudes have created a church whose traditions go counter to the will of God, in a world that has been bad-tripping under male rule long enough.

RUTH HOPPIN

Optional Celibacy

Seattle, Wash.

To the Editors: The Catholic press recently carried a dispatch from Vatican City telling of the publication of *The Priesthood and Celibacy*, a collection of hastily-thrown-together articles allegedly drawn from biblical, historical and theological sources. Originally published in French, the book has been translated into Italian and Spanish and two nuns are hurriedly translating it into English.

The Vatican plans to send copies to the bishops attending the Roman Synod as propaganda to promote the cause of compulsory, lifelong bachelorhood as a condition of ordination.

The press carries no news of the Vatican's furnishing the bishops with information concerning the desirability of a change to optional celibacy. Yet this is what the majority of the priests and laity in the U.S. and other countries want today, as shown by repeated surveys.

Obviously if the discussion is to be an intelligible and fruitful one, both sides must be afforded equal time and facilities. Hence we suggest that the Vatican furnish each bishop with a copy of the $500,000 study sponsored by the U.S. bishops.

This would include, of course, a copy of the reports issued by the psychological, sociological and theological commissions, appointed by the bishops themselves. After exhaustive study the theological commission reached the conclusion that there is nothing in Scripture, tradition or theology which would preclude a change to optional celibacy.

If the Vatican is concerned about having other relevant scholarly data available, it would do well to provide each bishop with a copy of *Celibacy, Ministry, Church* by the distinguished Scriptural scholar, Dr. Joseph Blenkinsopp, which reinforces the conclusion of the U.S. theological commission on the celibacy issue.

To make it easy for the bishops to get to the heart of this matter quickly it would be helpful to provide each bishop with a copy of the paperback, *Why Priests Leave,* in which Dr. Blenkinsopp presents some of the highlights of his major work in a somewhat condensed form.

All this is based on the assumption, perhaps a naive one, that the Roman Curia is really interested in getting at the Scriptural, historical and theological truth concerning this moot question. This it will do only through free and open discussion, not by the arbitrary imposition of its opinion on this non-dogmatic, disciplinary matter. . . .

WILLIAM F. MEERSMAN

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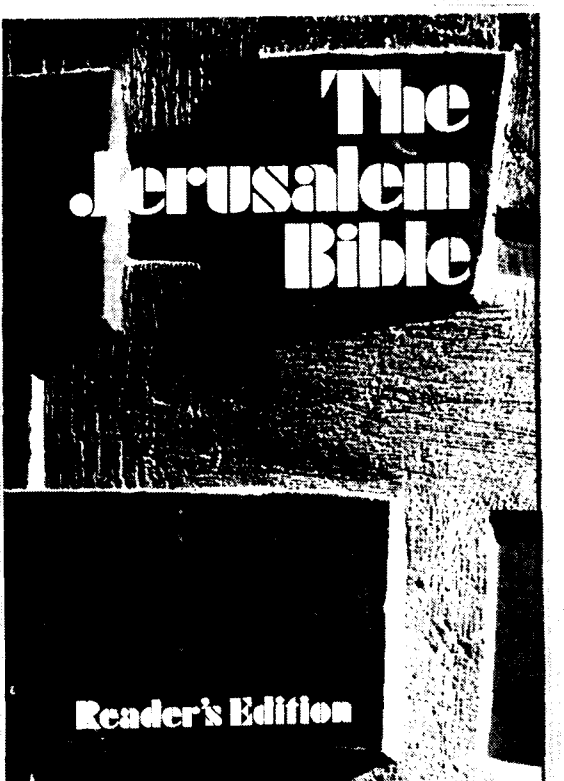

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